

A NAME IN THE SAND.

And I walked the ocean strand;
A weary shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name—the year—the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One musing look behind I cast;
I saw some rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And yet, methought, 'twill shortly be
Found every mark on earth from me;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Time, and been, to be no more,
Of me—my day—the name I bore,
To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet, with him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought;
Of all this thinking soul has thought;
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.
—Hannah Flagg Gould.

REFLECTIONS and REPENTANCE

BY E. P. W. SARGENT

Bennington looked after Lucy Alton's retreating form with amazement. Only the night before she had promised that she would marry him in the spring and had sealed the bargain with a kiss. She had been tender and loving then.

This morning she walked past him with no sign that she was aware of his presence save a haughty "Sir!" when he had raised his hat in salutation.

The more Bennington thought it over the more inexplicable it became. He and Lucy had been more than friends for a couple of years. She had so clearly shown her preference for his society that none had sought to dispute his position.

He could imagine no rival who might have poisoned her mind against him in so brief a time as had elapsed since the night before. He puzzled his brain until it whirled, but still no satisfactory explanation presented itself.

Then he decided upon a very foolish action. He left town.

Not even his most intimate friends knew where he had gone, and for several weeks the act in which he moved worded at his hurried departure. Then they decided that Lucy Alton had refused him after all, and they gave the matter no further thought.

As for Bennington, he was seeking to forget his error in Paris, and only succeeded in discovering that gay capital to be a most disappointing place. A week later he was arguing with the customs officials on the familiar pier in New York.

His man was too well trained to exhibit any surprise when his master walked in. He silently placed a bag of letters upon the library table and went out to attend to the trunk.

Bennington turned the letters over idly. Suddenly he gave a start. There was one little square envelope addressed in a handwriting, the sight of which made his heart beat faster. He tore it open.

"Dear Jack," it ran, "what has become of you? It is not nice, sir, to leave one's fiancée in this abrupt fashion. Have you already repented your proposal? I don't like to think that. Come in, Jack, and tell me what the trouble is. I did so want to see you last night."

It was signed "Lucy," and bore a date one day later than his experience on the autumn.

A second note was in Mr. Alton's handwriting. "This was dated a week later. In vigorous terms her father told Bennington what he thought of his actions. 'I learn that you are abroad, sir,' he wrote. 'I should advise you to remain there. I cannot be answerable for the circumstances should we meet.'"

If Lucy's letter had been a puzzle,



"Sir!"

this was even less understandable. There was no mistaking the out direct he had received. In the face of that, why should she write a day later, as though nothing had happened, and why should her father brand him as a scoundrel and a cad.

The quickest way to find out would be to drive around to the Altons. He called a cab and in ten minutes he was holding converse with Judson, the Alton's butler. Judson was polite, but very evidently fearful.

"Please don't insist, Mr. Bennington," he pleaded. "Mr. Alton is not

abroad, sir. If he were to see you, the excitement might kill him."

"See here, Judson," persisted Bennington hotly, "what's the matter? Why should the excitement kill Mr. Alton? What have I done?"

Judson coughed ever so slightly. He was too well trained to admit that he knew the family secrets.

"I'm sure I don't know anything," declared Judson respectfully. "Only Mr. Alton declared that you were not to see Miss Alton, and Dr. Semmers ordered me to be careful that Mr. Alton did not see you. I am very sorry, sir."

There was a slight pause, and before he could gather his senses Ben-



"Are you sure you will never make the same mistake again?" Bennington found himself outside the closed door.

It would never do to make a scene on the front steps. Bennington was determined to get at the bottom of the mystery, but this was not the place. He jumped into the cab again and was driven around to Mrs. Graves', who had been his mentor since his mother's death.

"I'm sure I don't know what the matter is, Jack," she said sympathetically. "There is a report around that Lucy would not have you, and that you took a broken heart out of sight until it mended again."

"How can I find out?" he urged. "I can't go along like this. It will drive me crazy."

"Come to the tableaux vivants to-night," said the matron. "Lucy will be taking part and we will try to see her."

It was hard upon Bennington to face the curious gaze that evening at the charity entertainment. It seemed to him as though every one in the room were discussing him.

Still, he bore it bravely, sustained by the hope of seeing Lucy. She was to appear in the last picture, and the program line read:

"Reflections, Miss Alton, Miss Carter."

Miss Carter. That must be Mabel Carter, Lucy's cousin from the west. When the curtain went up, there was no sign of Miss Carter. It merely disclosed Lucy standing in front of a mirror admiring her reflection. Then, suddenly, the reflection stepped through the mirror frame and a great light dawned upon Bennington. He remembered now that Miss Carter was supposed to exactly resemble Lucy. The resemblance must have been so strong as to have deceived even the eyes of love.

Headless of Mrs. Gray's detaining hand, he pushed his way through the crowd to the door leading to the improvised stage. Lucy was just coming down the steps from the temporary platform. He caught her wrist.

"Lucy," he cried, "can you ever forgive me for having been such a fool? I thought your cousin was you, and she cut me. I did not have the heart to stay and see you again. If you will forgive the error I promise never to do so again."

"Are you sure you will never make the same mistake again?"

"I assure you that it will not happen again," he declared eagerly.

He sought to take her in his arms, but she skillfully evaded him, and a voice from the platform cried out: "See here, Jack! I don't mind your making love to Mabel if you think it's me—but I draw the line at proxy kisses."

Then Miss Carter very thoughtfully hurried to her dressing room, while Jack had to make apologies again to the real Lucy.

She has accepted a ring as a certain means of identification. It is a circlet of plain gold.—Boston Globe.

DELAYED THE WEDDING TRIP.

Transvaal Bride and Groom Worried by the Elements.

Thrilling adventures got into the society columns of the Transvaal newspapers sometimes. A Johannesburg paper tells of a marriage at Lyndenburg. It says: "The bride wore her traveling gown and immediately after the ceremony the marriage trip of thirty-eight miles to Pilgrim's Rest was begun in a cart drawn by eight mules. When about half the distance was made it was found that the Oribisstad river was in flood and passage was impossible. The route was retraced for about ten miles and temporary accommodation secured at a farmhouse. Next day, however, the river proved just as impassable, and thus for four days the honeymoon couple were 'held up' by the elements. On the third day a traveler attempted to cross with a cart and two horses, but the attempt proved disastrous, for the horses and cart were swept away and were never seen again. The passenger probably owed his life to the fact that he became entangled in a barbed-wire fence. Two days after this, the river having subsided somewhat, the help of some transport drivers was requisitioned and the cart and team were floated across, with the help of strong ropes at the other side."

KEPT "BOY" IN CHECK.
Centenarian Restrained Spirits of His 76-Year-Old Son.
Senator Depew tells of attending a commemorative dinner given to Chevreul, the famous French chemist, on his 100th birthday, apropos of having himself recently arrived at the age of 70.

"Chevreul ascribed his longevity," said Mr. Depew, "to the fact that being sure of his position in the factory of the Gobelins tape-works so long as he might live, though his position was a modest one, he never worried about finances, never had serious troubles, and never had touched tobacco or alcohol. He had lived most temperately and drank the muddy waters of the Seine."

"Beside him was a gentleman who enjoyed the dinner to the utmost and was hilariously and rather uproariously proposing the health of everybody at the table. The old gentleman every little while would place his hand upon this neighbor and check his levity. 'Why does Chevreul take so much interest in his lively neighbor?' I inquired of my escort.

"Because he is his son," was the reply.

"How old is the boy?" said I.

"Seventy-six," answered my polite escort.—Washington Post.

He Couldn't "Recover."
A young clergyman in making his weekly visits among the poor of his parish in a nearby country village quite recently learned of a poor, sick man who recently came from Ireland with his wife and one child. When the minister called at the house he was given a most hearty welcome and on reaching the bedside of the sick man was surprised at finding him apparently well. The day being warm the clergyman suggested that he get out of bed and spend an hour under a shade tree in the garden.

"It may do you good," he added.

The wife, who was present, said her husband had better remain in the house until the following day and then take a little recreation. When the clergyman returned a week later he found the husband still in bed.

"Haven't you been out of bed since I was here?" asked the man of the clerk.

"No, sir, he has not," replied the wife. "I don't like to tell you, sir, but the doctor gave my husband up a week ago and we sold his clothes. That's the reason he didn't go to the garden."—Philadelphia Press.

Vain Endeavor.
A man once saved his money in a very prudent way: He put a little by for fear there'd be a rainy day.

He heeded all the maxims about thrift, and work, and health, and reverence economy, which is the source of wealth.

He made some small investments, and some larger after while, and he listened for applause, when he assumed a better style.

But some of those who knew him sneered, while others simply sighed.

He had practiced all the virtues, but they weren't satisfied.

He looked the situation over with sadness and dismay.

And said, "I guess I'll go ahead and give the stuff away."

He built a lot of buildings and sincerely strove to find a way to spend his money that would benefit mankind.

But people looked askance at him and said, "I told you so."

The art of spending money is a thing he doesn't know.

It's scandalous to contemplate such ostentatious pride.

He did his best to please them; but they weren't satisfied.

—Washington Star.

Scotch Sabbath Observance.

Sir Archibald Geikie's examples of the rigid Sabbatarianism of the Highlands are interesting. One is of a lady who rose early on Sunday, and carried her canary down into the cellar to keep the bird quiet. Another is of a young clergyman whose orthodox was suspected because he was seen standing at his window on the Lord's Day "dandling his hair."

A third story was told by the late Lord Playfair, who heard the nurse quieting his little boy one Sunday in this wise: "Whist, whist, my bonnie lamb; it's the Sabbath, or I wud whistle ye a sang, but I'll sing ye a paraphrase."

He Needs No Sleep

"How is it that some persons want much sleep, some can do on little, while there are still others who can get along without any sleep at all?" asked a writer in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Now here is a problem, a solution of which might prove a vast benefit to humankind. I am reminded of the importance of the subject by a case to which my attention was recently called in New Jersey. Albert Herpin of Trenton, born in France, a hostler, declares that he has not slept a wink for ten years, and his statement, according to the New York Herald's correspondent, is borne out by the physicians who have at different times treated him for insomnia.

"Of his case Herpin says: 'I have been to hospitals, where they attempted to drug me in order to produce sleep, but I would not undergo that sort of treatment. I have given up the idea of sleeping for the rest of my life; in fact, I'm so used to it that I think no more about the matter. I've heard of people going insane that were troubled with insomnia, but I never will. I am well and eat three meals a day.'

"It would seem from this that sleep is not one of life's essentials. Is sleep absolutely necessary to healthful existence? Is it possible for men to live to the reasonable and average

age without sleep? These are large questions and they ramify in many ways when one begins to deal with them speculatively. In the first place much will depend upon the type and temperament of the man. Persons whose mental capabilities are of a low order, whose receptive powers are limited, and who are without the affluence which gives a rich poetic color to the things of this life—persons who are sluggish mentally and temperamentally, and who feel only when pricked and prodded by the sharp exigencies of the struggle for existence, the 'dumb, driven cattle' of the world, must needs sleep much, whereas the men and women of a sensitive mold, whose minds are as fragile and responsive as the most delicate of photographers' plates, who catch and hold, and love the images as they flit in variant shadings—the men and women who mentally trace the very finest of the nuances and absorb much of the forces which play upon them—such as these may do on less sleep than persons of the dull, unresponsive and unpoetic type. Napoleon required but little sleep; but, as a great American who was once reminded of the fact remarked, all men are not Napoleons. I have known many men, well advanced in years, who actually slept less than younger and more vigorous men."

Centers of the Brain

Biologists admit that psychic centers are localized in the cortex of the brain. The function of language, for example, is perverted or suppressed when a certain portion of the frontal lobes of the brain is altered or destroyed. Dr. Grasset, in a recent work on "Spiratism," holds that the centers of automatism and sub-consciousness form together a kind of polygonal area. In the Revue de Philosophie he also discusses the question of an immaterial soul and its relation to these psychic centers of the brain, and he concludes that the two conceptions are not incompatible. Intelligence, he argues, is a faculty of the soul. One cannot localize it in an organ. The psychic function, however, is more complex. It comprises the immaterial intelligence and the thought expressed, associated as we observe it in human life. For this psychic function a material organ or instrument as well as the immaterial intelligence is required, and this organ is the cortex of the brain. Whether the psychic center of the cortex only serves to clothe the idea, to express the thought, or intervenes otherwise,

what does it matter to the biologist so long as he can localize the center? These centers of the brain are as indispensable for the expression of the highest intelligence as for the lowest automatism. Consequently the biologist may endeavor to localize the centers of higher as well as of lower intelligence. This quest, however, is distinct from the study of the principle of intelligence. Hence psychology should not become a department of biology. Psychology is the science of will and conscience. Biology is the science of the cerebral instrument whose intervention is necessary for the regular working of that will and conscience. Each of these two sciences has its own domain, and there is no contradiction between them. It is curious to find that after going from one extreme to the other, from the notion of a purely immaterial to a purely material mind, to a brain "secreting thought" as an electric battery secretes electricity, scientific thinkers are coming round to the union or conciliation of the two conceptions—namely, a brain which is the material organ of an immaterial soul.—London Globe.

The Horses of Mexico

Although at the time of the conquest horses were unknown in Mexico, that country to-day boasts of some of the finest of the species. The horses of Cuba that were taken to Mexico as well as the horses that went to the River Plate on a similar errand of conquest are believed to have been of Andalusian breed, and Cunningham Graham, the famous British author and traveler, who knows from personal experience both Mexican and Argentine horses, holds that we must look to Barbary for the progenitors of the Cordobese horses.

"Most horses," he says, "in fact, all breeds of horses, have six lumbar vertebrae. A most careful observer, the late Edward Louson, a professor in the Agricultural college of Santa Catalina, near Buenos Ayres, has noted the remarkable fact that the horses of the Pampas have only five. Following up his researches, he has found that the only other breed of horses in which a similar peculiarity is to be found is that of Barbary."

So Cunningham Graham, who has ridden the horses of the Moors in Morocco as well as the horses of Mex-

ico and the Pampas, is of the opinion that these horses are evidently descended from those of Barbary.

Of late years thousands of American horses have been imported into Mexico, often thoroughbreds, and undoubtedly the type of the Mexican horse of to-day has changed somewhat through the infusion of new blood. Some one competent and with leisure (and it is indispensable that he be a lover of horses) should take up this theme of the Mexican horse and make a big book on the subject.

Anyone who has ridden the wily and long enduring little Mexican horse will not need to be told of its good points. Not infrequently is he a "wind drinker," like the horses of the African desert, full of speed and tireless. Given a grassy plain of a league or more, a "caballo brioso," a horse of mettle, the crisp air of the tableland morning in autumn or even in March and a man may taste one of the joys of paradise, for who may say that our horses will not meet us gladly over there in the good country where so the noble riders and lovers of swift steeds?

Cupid Ever at Work

Long ago the silly odium that attached to old-maidship disappeared, but even in the days when popular notion made a spinster of 40 a hopeless old maid, records show that there was no age limit to matrimonial hopes.

For instance, so long ago as 1774, Miss Jane Hodgson of Stepney, England, was wedded to Henry Hulton, of the same place, when she had reached her 92d summer, and the bridegroom was two years older, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

More remarkable was the wedding of John Jackson and Annie Bates, on March 22, 1796, the 101st birthday of the bridegroom, who was three years older than the bride. It was his fourth marriage within two years, and 10,000 persons escorted the couple to the church.

A youth of 19, a son of Mr. Graves, of Boleck-on-Herts, married "Miss Lark, spinster, aged 70." April 20, 1781, and in August of the same year, at Bath, Capt. Hamilton, aged 30, married Miss Mason, a blushing bride of rank, fortune and 85 years.

More than half a century ago a Yorkshire belle, who had so many suitors she could not choose among them, told one of the most persistent that if he would ask her 50 years later she would marry him. He waited loyally and faithfully for the 50th anniversary, and she, too, kept her word.

A celebrated French artist, who fell in love in his student days, was told by the maiden that she would never marry so long as her mother lived. They waited half a century before they were united.

Only two years ago a wealthy maiden lady in an English county provided a delightful sensation by marrying the curate of her parish church, a young man exactly 60 years her junior. An astonishing feature of this marriage was that as a girl the aged bride had been engaged to the curate's grandfather, and perhaps it was the memory of this ancient romance which inspired a sentimental regard for the youthful clergyman, who under other conditions might have been her own grandson.

AT GATE OF JERUSALEM.

Active Business Is Carried on by Small Hucksters.

Jerome Hart gives the following sketch of street scenes in Jerusalem: "Just outside the gate, on the Jaffa road, there is a multitude of booths of small dealers and rows of native cafes where laborers sit on stools smoking. There are also large numbers of donkey drivers waiting with their animals for hire. Although the wall is a massive structure and the gate some fifty feet high, the entrance is narrow, with a right-angled turn—one of the methods adopted in the old days for defense. Through this narrow gateway there pours an endless stream of camels, donkeys and footmen all day long. Without the gate you see jostling camel drivers and camels kneeling to receive their loads. Scores of hucksters are squatting on the ground behind their heaps of oranges, dates, lemons, onions, radishes and other vegetables. There are also many vendors of bread—a staple in Jerusalem, as in all the eastern world; it is piled up in stacks, very much as we handle cordwood here, and with about as much attention to cleanliness. Many of these hucksters have a stack so small as to be pitiful—some two or three pounds of wormy figs, for example, worth perhaps five cents."

A Happy Mother.

Maple Hill, Ia., May 30.—A very remarkable case occurred here recently. The people here have never seen anything like it and it may interest many others.

From his infancy, Verne, the little five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Barfoot of this place has been sickly. His mother consulted a doctor, but he did not begin to improve till someone suggested that she try a remedy called Dodd's Kidney Pills. From unmistakable symptoms she had always believed that his kidneys were the first cause of all the trouble, so she bought a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and began giving little Verne two pills a day.

In two or three days she noticed an improvement and she kept on till he had used about two boxes when to her great joy he was all right. Everybody remarks how much better Verne looks and Mrs. Barfoot always explains, "Dodd's Kidney Pills saved his life."

First Opium Smokers.

Opium was first smoked by the natives of Java, from whom the Chinese learned the habit.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

J. C. CHERRY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cherry for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly reliable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

W. L. KIRKMAN & MARY, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Marie — Well-groomed — Philadelphia Bulletin.

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Powder. A powder. It rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Powder makes new or tight shoes easy. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.—Epicurus.

ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

Contentment gives a crown where fortune hath denied.—Ford.

All earthly springs from hard-heartedness and weakness.—Seneca.



A prominent club woman, Mrs. Danforth, of St. Joseph, Mich., tells how she was cured of falling of the womb and its accompanying pains and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Life looks dark indeed when a woman feels that her strength is fading away and she has no hopes of ever being restored. Such was my feeling a few months ago when I was advised that my poor health was caused by prolapsus or falling of the womb. The words sounded like a knell to me. I felt that my sun had set; but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound came to me as an elixir of life; it restored the lost forces and built me up until my good health returned to me. For four months I took the medicine daily, and each dose added health and strength. I am so thankful for the help I obtained through its use."—Mrs. Elouise Danforth, 1027 Miles Ave., St. Joseph, Mich.—\$3.00 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

"FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN."

Women would save time and much sickness if they would write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice as soon as any distressing symptoms appear. It is free, and has put thousands of women on the right road to recovery.